SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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More Cooperation

By Elbert Hubbard.

There are many superior thinkers who believe that the society of the future will be established on the group idea.

That is, fifty, a hundred or five hundred people will work together for a common good—this in the interests of economy, education and mutual happiness.

The value of a man's services to society is in proportion to his ability to work with other men.

He must be willing to give and take. He should be slow to anger, not see and hear too much, and keep a civil tongue in his head.

He should have faith in Nemesis and have no time to act as an advance section of the day of judgment.

Superiority is shown in this one thing—the ability to meet and mix with those of different temperaments and tastes, high or low, on a basis of equality.

A man should be at home in any society. To be frank, open and full of good cheer; to refrain from interfering in affairs that are none of his, and to know that personal misunderstandings usually right themselves if let alone—these mark the superior person.

Late hours, strong drink, pretense, finesse and falsity all tend toward disintegration.

The very life of a community depends upon coalition, loyalty and truth. In a free society the man who is a "rounder" would be instinctively shunned by everybody, and more especially by women.

The man who wishes to dictate, own, absorb and exclude will remain an individualist. In the course of time he may evolve enough altruism in his nature to fit him for communal life, and then he will enter upon it, but not before, any more than the savage will enter the stage of competition or commercialism without passing through the pastoral and agricultural stages.

Cider "works" and cleanses itself of its impurities. And so a community "works" and eliminates the idle, the sensual, the bickering, the ill tempered, the diseased, the untruthful. They are not discharged, but they grow very uncomfortable, and a silent, unseen principle sloughs them off.

The head of a household may be as contrary and contumacious as he likes, stopping short of broken bones, but each and every member of a community is on his good behavior. He lives in the open, and he must live so he does not have to make explanations or apologies. For him there are no company manners. He must remember the week day to keep it holy. Each day for him is judgment day.

His success lies in minding his own business—doing his work—and his power lies more in example than in explanation.

Success consists not so much in getting the praise of others as in securing the approval of one's inmost self.

Any man who has evolved far enough to set up a standard of thought and conduct in his own mind is fit for the communal life, and none other is.

The President and Baseball

Christian Science Monitor.

Small wonder that the reported additions to the baseball holdings of the Taft family create Nation-wide interest, for is not everything connected with baseball and everything connected with the Taft family of national consequence? When, as in the present instance, baseball and the Tafts are brought into closer alliance; when, in addition to owning a ball team in Chicago, the Taft family becomes the owner of a ball ground in Philadelphia, and the team and the ground are in the National League, and it is known that the head of the Taft family, that is to say, the President of the United States, is looking forward with impatient, but pleasant, anticipations to the opening of the baseball season of 1910—when all of these circumstances are put together and on top of them the popular interest in the game is taken into consideration, it is small wonder, we say, that the Nation should be interested from center to circumference in the latest baseball expansion of the Taft family.

The head of the family, it will be remembered, was hurried from Boston to Chicago one day last September that he might be able to attend a game of ball in which the family team was one of the contestants. Our readers will remember how the train was speeded over mountain and prairie, how the program of the trip was adjusted, how the stay in Chicago was arranged, how the distinguished visitor was hustled from reception to reception, with the one point constantly in view of getting him into the grandstand in time to see the beginning of the first inning.

That was in 1909. And in that year the Tafts owned only one league ball team. This year, already, they own a ball ground as well as a team, and the ground is in one city while the team is in another. Will they alternate in this way before the year is out all around the league circle? Will the Tafts own a team in this city, say, and a ground in that, or will they continue to increase their baseball holdings until they own teams and grounds in each of the National League cities, so that the head of the family whenever he goes out upon an itinerary can attend a family league game wherever he happens to be?

These are things that all lovers of the national game are anxious to know. For they are a little uncertain as to one point. If the Taft family should come into possession of all the baseball teams and all the baseball grounds, would President Taft, being the head of the family as well as the head of the country, insist upon placing league baseball under federal control and inspection, or would he be willing to grant it a simple federal license or charter and permit it to manage its own affairs?

Open Letter to the Editor

Editor P C Star: Dear Friend: I read with much enthusiasm your editorial on why The Advertiser is wrong about the new fireproof buildings in Chinatown, which are rising like hell boiling over. You say for 25 years Mr. Quin has been tryin to get new fireproof law, and up to now has failed because now probably too slow since Judge Andrady fined 25 plunks to go quicker. I also take notice that those two-story Japanese house now cover all those new streets in Chinatown which Marston Cambell failed to purchase before Japanese, who now hold close to situation. Lookin down Smith street from King I can see nothin but new Japanese 2-story house in view towards Vinyard street, and all the same when I look down Maunakea and Kekaulike streets. Everything covered with Japanese hotels and family residences where streets aut to be, with Japanese babies lookin out 2-story windows for Hallys comut. I think Mr Cambell too slow, too. Better vacate automobile fast law repealed.

But this is not what I am saying Mr Editors. What I wish to ask information about is, that circular with half moon over it, in your window on King street, where everybody looks to see when new comut comes. I see by this circular, Sir (as Judge Hart would say), that Mr Hallys comut comes from the West and lands somewhere near Podunk, N. J., U. S. A. Mr Editors plenty newspapers say that this comut will not hit the earth. Who is to blame truthfully? I feel very sorry for the good people of Podunk if it hits them. They will not want to see him again. Everybody will want to come to live in Hawaii in the future. But Mr Editors, how is it you say if can see Mr Hallys comut approach we must look from Alexander Young hotel to over Palolo Valley? If he comes from the West, as the circle says in your window, how must we look to the East towards San Francisco? Kindly correct this apprehension and let us know where to look. Hoping you are the same.

HASHIMURA TOGA.

NATURAL MISTAKE.

Ethel (calling on her friend)—I didn't know you were one of these athletic girls.

Madge—What do you mean, dear?

E.—Look at these foils over your bureau.

M.—Foils! Why, those are my hat pins.—Boston Transcript

HIGHER THAN THE BOSS.

Knicker—Jones thinks he is boss.

Bocker—But his wife is the board of estimate.—Brooklyn Life.

The Bystander

The Bystander and Jack London
Volcano Breeds a New Hot One
A Chance to Kill Time.
Does It Pay to Keep Chickens?

Jack London has evidently come home from his experiences with the cannibals with an unchastened spirit. In fact, I might say, without danger of inviting a libel suit, that after two years of floating through the placid waters of the sunny south; after enjoying the beauties of the Paradise of the Pacific; the gentle breezes of Tahiti; the soft languor of Samoa, he has returned to the chill fogs of his native San Francisco with the same old grouch on with which he left it. He says that he was robbed in Hawaii. Now that has a familiar sound. Some bunko steerer may have taken him into camp, for all I know, while he was dreaming dreams in Honolulu, but that is nothing new.

We have Jack's own word for it that he was robbed in San Francisco before he left there. The yacht builders robbed him; the engine builders bunkoed him; the riggers held him up; the provision men did him up; the whole "burgeois" push stood him up.

According to a philippic in the choicest Londonese vocabulary, the simple savages of Tahiti can give the pirates of San Francisco cards and spades and then beat them a mile, for even they "robbed" Jack, until about all he got away from port with was the Snark and the cook, and later on the cook got away with Jack and Sydney got away with the Snark; at least she was tied up there in rotten row the last I heard of her.

Who "robbed" Jack in Samoa, Fiji, the Solomon Islands and the other primitive communities which he honored with his presence, I do not know; but it is cocksure that some one did, for Jack is "robbed" everywhere he goes, according to his own admission.

And yet Jack says we Honolulans are "provincial." Now, by provincial, I understand that he means countrified; that we do things in a backwoods manner, unique to ourselves and different from the usual and the customary. But, according to Jack himself, we are right in the swim, doing just what all the rest of this wicked world is doing, viz.: robbing Jack London.

By Jack London accused, by Jack London are we acquitted of the grave crime of provinciality.

The obvious conclusion would appear to be, either that Mr. London is a Rube of so pronounced a type that everybody with an itching for plunder snuggles up to him on sight, and proceeds to help himself from the pockets of an easy mark, or else that he is conspicuously provincial himself; for if there is any one thing more provincial than another, it is to imagine that everybody is watching you; that the world is lying awake nights trying to do you up.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," is as true as gospel, whether Ella Wheeler Wilcox originated or stole it.

The truth is, Jack London is not a "rube," nor is the world trying to rob him, as his virile imagination suggests.

The workmen and the dealers of San Francisco, Honolulu and Tahiti are neither robbers nor philanthropists. They are humbly following in the footsteps of Jack himself—trying to get all they can for what they have to sell.

Rumor says that Mr. London gets twenty-five cents a word for his stories, and some of the words are worth it.

The Bystander thinks he is lucky if he gets board, lodging, and carfare for his stories; and yet Mr. London is not a robber, nor The Bystander a monument of benevolence.

Doubtless Mr. London's publishers make unprintable remarks in the privacy of their beards; but Jack is a great writer, and when he says "two-bits a word; no pay, no story," the publisher pungles, and Jack buys a yacht and sails himself the world around—or part way round; while The Bystander, being only "a mediocre reporter," pockets the pittance which his meager abilities net him and visits a moving picture show around the corner, in lieu of foreign travel. And the mediocre reporter, in his poverty, laughs with the crowd at the fool pictures, and thinks this is a pretty good world after all; while Mr. London, with his two-bits a word, wails that the world is a thief, until his flood of tears obliterates the pleasure that might be his, and he sees nothing but a vista of robbers instead of the sunshine and flowers that are shining and blossoming around him. Say, Jack, come in out of the wet and take at least a smile, if not a laugh, with your despised fellow scribbler, The Bystander.

Now as to that "darned funny way to treat a lion." (By the way, I think that phrase is a gem, worth the highest retail price.) It is true that some of the Hawaiian papers (The Advertiser was not one of them) gave disagreeable prominence to the fact that one or two of Mr. London's checks came back from California dishonored, when the fact could easily have been ascertained that it was only by reason of a mistake; but that does not prove either that the reporters were mediocre or the editors provincial or cussed. It simply shows that they were inoculated by the mainland yellow journal virus, which is ever straining for a sensation; which plays up an item of idle gossip into a double-column screamer with a freak headline. It was making a mountain out of a molehill, worthy of the choicest yellow journalism of the mainland. It was anything but provincial—it was metropolitan journalism—country papers usually stick to items and tell the truth.

But, Jack, you ought to have learned by this time that one of the penalties of greatness, and rather belligerent greatness at that, is undue publicity.

If The Bystander had drawn a check on a bank where he had no funds, it would have simply been another case of busted mediocrity, not worth two lines in the police column; but when a great man does the same thing, regardless of explanation, it is great news, according to up-to-date yellow journal standards, as you ought to know by this time.

So keep your shirt on, Jack. Don't let a little thing like this raise your angry passions. In the long run, the public will learn that you pay your bills, are an honest man and a good citizen—in your way, while you will improve your digestion and enjoy life more.

But about those leprosy stories: You say that you wrote so truthful an account of the Molokai Settlement, that it received the approval of the authorities. You did. It so truthfully belied the tales of horror; the vision of clammy repulsiveness, which the usual fiction stories of Molokai—yours included—holds up to the shuddering public as a correct representation of the leper settlement, that if it could be done, I would have a million copies struck off and certified to by the Governor of Hawaii, as being a true description, and send a copy to every one who has been misled by the sensational yellow stories—yours included—which are published from time to time, not by "provincial reporters of mediocre ability," but by great writers of world fame, who exploit the agony and sorrow and shame of a gentle and helpless people and blight the reputation of an honest, progressive and generous community, by proclaiming that Hawaii is rotten and unsafe as a place of residence and her people despoilers of the innocent and the afflicted—and that is what your stories—"avowed fiction" you call them—do.

Fiction you know it to be. Fiction we know it to be; but the great world public knows that you are a realist; that when you write of arctic sealing, of Alaskan snows, of tramps, of jails, of London slums and San Francisco hoodlums, you are writing from the amplitude of your personal experience. It knows that you have personally investigated Hawaii in general and Molokai in particular, and when you locate scenes of violence, murderous assault, and unrestrained passion in an atmosphere of gloom unutterable, and label it "Molokai," and add to its realism by throwing in the name of the present superintendent and correct descriptions of some existing physical features of the locality, the great reading public does not discriminate between what is truth and what is fiction.

Your reputation for thoroughness and your masterly ability to depict the repulsive and the gruesome, carry conviction and fear. They leave an abiding impression in the mind of the uninformed that Hawaii is a pest smitten spot—an unsafe place to live in; that Molokai is the abode of despair unalleviated by justice, unmitigated by mercy, and untempered by charity—an impression as wrong as it is unfair and injurious.

It makes no difference in the net effect upon our fortunes and reputations whether you obtained your "facts" on the ground or evolved them from your fertile imagination in your study.

You know that an American resident in Hawaii is as safe from leprosy as you are from lightning in Glen Ellen, California.

You know that a tourist can travel through highways and byways of Hawaii and never see a leper.

You know that the Molokai Settlement is one of grand scenic beauty; that it is in a well watered land of grass, trees and flowers; that the inmates are well cared for in neat and comfortable cottages, with more and better food than most of them had at home; that there are hospitals, doctors, "homes" for boys and girls, provided by the generosity of Hawaiian citizens and managed by devoted "brothers" and "sisters," from the United States, who are giving their lives to the work; that the Y. M. C. A. maintains a well-equipped building; that there are churches; that there is a military band; that the inmates own and use hundreds of horses; that horseracing, baseball and other athletics are enthusiastically practised; that all this is done without expense to the inmates; that everything possible is done to minimize the grief and heart-break incident to perpetual separation, while yet alive, from friends and family; that the people of Hawaii cheerfully and ungrudingly tax themselves hundreds and thousands of dollars every year, in a brave endeavor to stamp out leprosy by segregation, with the least possible hardship to the afflicted.

You know all this, and have written it more powerfully and lucidly than I can, in your true article about leprosy and Molokai; but no one would guess it from your "fiction" on the same subject.

You have a right to coin our distress into gold, by the alchemy of your genius.

God knows there is material enough in real life, without resorting to fiction, if you wish to transmute heartbreaks into cash; but what is a passing "story" to you, adding a few dollars to your bank account, is a ruthless blow to us in Hawaii, who are hoping against hope and straining every nerve to remove the dark cloud which hovers over our homes.

We were grateful when your true article was published, believing that we were to have your help in bearing our burden; and we were stung to the quick when it was followed by your "fiction," couched in the masterly diction of the apostle of the gruesome.

It was under the smart of resentment, arising from the blow of one whom he thought a friend, that The Bystander wrote the article that has irritated you. I did not write it; did not know of it until I saw it in print, and regret that it was couched in such harsh words; but the basic thought in the mind of the writer was that which is in the mind and hearts of the people of Hawaii, and that thought is this:

The leprosy question presents a problem to us of Hawaii most difficult of solution, involving not only our property interests and our reputations for humanity and justice; but the fate of hundreds of human lives—those of our fellow citizens—many of them our personal friends.

The problem calls endlessly for great sums of money; draws deep drafts upon our sympathies, and in many instances upon our heartstrings.

We are doing the best that we know how to solve it.

In solving the problem we need help—not financial, but moral. Help in making the truth known and in minimizing the loathing and repulsion inherently incident to the subject, which can best be achieved by the truthful and authentic statements of responsible people who have been on the ground, know the facts, and have the ear of the public.

As one who is an admirer of your literary work; a believer in your honesty

(Continued on Page Five.)

Lone Observer on Punchbowl

The Lone Observer was sitting on the surveying mark that caps the highest scallop on the Punchbowl and was holding communion with his soul in the approved manner of George Bernard Shaw and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. He was carefully brushing the Dust off himself, that same Dust which he had acquired through many months of life among the Dusty Nations.

Sitting thus he soliloquized in the following manner: "In a library there may be two books on a shelf, rubbing covers together, and one may treat of a hundred forms of demonology, of frescoed temples, of gong-beating, cramp-lived, yellow-skinned, mysticized orientals, and the other may treat of shod, cap-covered, bodiced, breezy peasants from the valleys of the Pyrenees or the wild posados of Old Castile. The reader may revel in the mustiness of the Orient and bask in Spanish sunshine in the same hour, but never in a year may he live life as the Chinese make it or enjoy life as the Spanish find it except in one place, and that is——"

The Lone Observer go up, stretched and "descended into the valley," to sit under a sycamore tree and play with part of the coming Portuguese generation. It was raining, and a water buffalo was grazing within twenty feet of the back of his neck over the embankment. Behind the water buffalo, who was posing for the "foreground balance," was a field of taro, palm-fringed, with Chinese in wide straw hats, working. But the Lone Obesrevr was not looking in back of him. He was looking in front.

By leaning over and looking around the corner of the fence he obtained a vista of Fort street. In this stage of its existence, Fort street has had the good fortune to overcome its birthright and has undergone a material change from the "progressiveness of Fort and King," proudly pointed out to the tourist as a sign of Honolulu's ambition developed in twenty-four years come February.

The street is here lined with houses set back into luxuriant gardens and lawns, with wide, clean porches. Up the street is an old woman who is returning from the Portuguese church on Punchbowl street. She is dressed in the wide black skirt, the shawl and the bodice of the villages that lie back of the Serras da Estrella on the Zezera or in the Azores. She is the only figure in the street; is there ever more than one in the pen pictures of the authors who have basked in the Latin provinces? This is Portugal; the Lone Observer stood up and turned to look into the dull eyes of the water buffalo, who had mistaken his back hair for pond grass. He saw the Chinaman and the taro and the palms and shrugged his shoulders.

At this particular spot there are meadows which grace lower Pauoa, which, unfortunately, have never gone into the literature of the promotion committee, and are consequently overlooked by the beauty loving tourists who gaze in rapture from a Young Hotel window at the scenery of Bishop Park. Lower Pauoa and Punchbowl village is a "byway" that takes a "basking author," a rent collector, or the Lone Observer to find.

The Lone Observer, having imbibed the satire of the Dusty Nations, ...ally dwelt on the above reflecetion, and passed as he did so down the rejuvenated Fort street. The Portuguese is a white man. The difference between a white man and the oriental, as displayed on the international bargain counter of Honolulu, is that the former is a homebuilder and the second is satisfied with a mat-covered room in an unspeakable tenement. Being a white man the Portuguese of Punchbowl share the general distinction noted, despite the report of the police, the opinion of the wise ones, and the experience of others that he is the most troublesome of the races that are represented in the loveliest fleet of islands that was ever anchored in any ocean by the grace of God and the consent of the board of supervisors.

The head of the house may come home as spifflicated as a boiled owl and may foster blind pigs by the score, figure as principal in saloon rows, and get himself on the police court calendar for "2916," but he builds homes, and this is why the white race is supreme, which reflection is not original with the Lone Observer, but originated in the abstruse minds of profound philosophers.

Not being concerned with the results, but merely with the homes, the Lone Observer turned into Punchbowl street. The Portuguese is not a storekeeper and the pakes have encroached on his preserves to the extent of selling him the necessities of life. In consequence the little shacks in two chapters which house the thrifty celestial and his stock are scattered along the road, and ... dismayed by the neatness that prevails, has erected the same half-whitewashed, slant roofed, sloppy structures that he does in Moiliili and his own Chinatown.

In any other community this little section of modern cottages, neatly furnished and well gardened about, would attract no attention; in Honolulu it is the one connecting link between the sugar barren homes of Makiki and the tenemental blots on the city's escutcheon in the oriental quarters.

Besides, it's Portugal. Three hundred yards away the Lone Observer went into the thriving center of an American community; three hundred yards beyond that he passed again into the haunts of the unwashed.

"Two books on one shelf," said the Lone Observer, sniffing the smells of Shanghai, Canton, and Hongkong. "Two books on one shelf—a dragon on the cover of one, and a guitar on the cover of the other."